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(To Every Man His Own)

The Mail and Advocate

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ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.D., MARCH 22, 1915.

OUR POINT OF VIEW

Shame and Dishonour

In a couple of weeks the House of Assembly will be called together for the transaction of the Country's business, and what a spectacle will be presented to the Country, of a Government disgraced and discredited in the eyes of the people, a Government that never had the confidence of the Country at a Caucus that got into power by a minority vote, and that vote largely obtained through the most corrupt practices.

What a parody on self government it is. What an insult and an affront to a free and independent people, to have a party that the people have long ago wished to have the chance to turn from office, still in a position to rule and run the Country.

The latest exhibition of their contempt for the people is seen in their cowardly conduct respecting those Kean petitions.

The people of the Country, from every hamlet and village asked that Kean be forbidden to sail as Commander of a sailing ship. That request was ignored. To have ignored so universal a prayer displays an indifference to the wish of the people that is in itself enough to arouse the ill will of the Country.

But back of that lies the fact that that petition was itself an expression of the Country's recognition, that the Government was not doing its duty by the people.

Kean's conduct was the direct cause of a terrible calamity and a fearful loss of life. His conduct caused many an aching heart in this stricken Country, particularly among the Northern people who suffered most by the disaster.

Those heart broken people asked that Kean be kept on shore, and their humble prayer was supported by thirty thousand of their fellow countrymen. Their prayer has been spurned and the cause of all the pain and sorrow has gone again where the dictates of common decency, if nothing more were sufficient to have kept a man, a man of any sensibility from ever again venturing.

Two Judges of the Supreme Court have found Kean guilty of an error of judgment, still Morris has permitted the guilty one to go on his way unchecked.

If it had been a loss of a vessel, that an error of judgment had caused the responsible one would soon feel the rod of chastisement but as the loss was that of human beings, well, let the account be closed with a bluff at a judicial enquiry.

Morris stands by and sees this outrage being committed, and then has the effrontery to sit at the head of the Country's Government.

Was ever greater insult offered a free and independent people, was ever greater contempt shown for the expressed desires of people than this.

The way of the transgressor may be smooth in the beginning, but the end is paved with bitter regret.

Both Morris and Kean have the rough and painful part of the offender's path to travel.

Both will be given lots of time in shades of oblivion to regret their contumely. Their Country will shed them off and have no regrets for their shelving. In the evening of their days, shame will be their constant companion.

Remorse will burn into their brains, and self reproach will goad them. But, are we right, does remorse ever haunt the souls of such men as Morris and Kean, we fear may be not. Wounded vanity is more likely to be their scourge.

They early in their day aimed at going down into their graves, leaving behind them an honored name, or that which takes the place of honor in the estimation of some men, the distinction of having got by, and their baseness undiscovered. They failed to get by, they have been found out and now bitter chagrin is theirs.

"Die and get a good name" will scarcely hold good in regard to Morris and Kean. Both those gentlemen, even were they cats, would not even after the ninth annihilation get the good name, which the closing cover of the tomb is supposed to bring. Their grey hairs are not honored in life and history will repeat the tale of their evil ways with a shudder of disgust.

Both had rare opportunities for earning the respect and esteem of contemporary time and of leaving to posterity names writ in letters of fame, the one as a statesman who placed love of Country before all else after God, the other, though not a brilliant star in any respect, being yet a medium sized man had yet a chance to go down into the grave regretted and with a name to be remembered long in the history of the Country, as one who attained to fair fame and died a man respected.

Potato Culture

Some Practical Advice, by the Agricultural Expert of "The Denver Post."

—Eugene Grubb

Why is it that men will give the most careful study to any business before investing, and plunge willy nilly and without advice or thought into the business of agriculture?

A man would not think of starting a factory for the manufacture of automobiles without the most careful study of engines, of their functions and uses. No one would start a steel mill without knowing the history of steel, the chemical reaction necessary to its production, the methods used to obtain the desired end.

When it comes to the realm of agriculture, whether for profit, a livelihood or the fancy of a retired capitalist, ninety-nine out of one hundred men will buy a plot of ground, knowing nothing of its soil, counting little on its location, giving no thought to the demands of the markets, and plunge ahead on methods that same before there was even a thought that agriculture might be a science as exact as that of any other business of civilization. Perhaps the habit dates back to the days when an educated appetite found the acorns and roots of the wild plants insufficient and took the easiest and the easiest way to satisfy that demand.

All of which has its bearing on the subject of the potato. There are a half dozen fundamental problems to be considered by the grower. If any one of these factors is neglected, the fate of the grower is in the lap of chance—with every odds against the success.

There must be a knowledge of the culture methods—and in irrigated districts that phase must be more than guesswork. A week's delay or a day's advance may wreck the crop.

The varieties of seed must be chosen carefully and their adaptation to the climate and market conditions weighed and balanced.

There must be a knowledge of proper harvesting, with grading and standardization, so that a smooth, edible, high-grade potato may be delivered to the consumer.

Each one of these is important, but perhaps no factor is more important than the proper preparation of the seed bed. Nature fights hard to produce—but the odds must not be too great against her. There should be

weeds as their seeds germinate. Horse power is cheaper than hoeing. This elimination of the cultivator after the plant has started its growth saves the feeder roots of the plants. It is the corn culture method which aims at the preservation of the roots of that plant. The small crop of 1911 years ago has been supplanted by the large crops of to-day largely because modern methods save, instead of destroy, the feeder roots.

Just how important this is may be judged from the experiments of Prof. F. H. King of the University of Wisconsin. He carefully washed away the soil from the roots of a stalk of corn, carefully measuring the small roots that reach out for food through which the plant lives. He found that the total length of these small roots on this single stock was 5,280 feet—one mile of root for each stock. This experiment was made from a field that ran sixty bushels to the acre.

If it takes a mile of roots to feed one stock of corn, how long would they be for the potato, producing sixteen pounds in a single hill.

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Civic Commission

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir—In reading your paper on Saturday evening, I was greatly interested in the account of the meeting of the Civic Commission on Friday night, also with your remarks concerning the same.

It seems to me, sir, that another public meeting should be held, to protest against the high-handed actions of the Commissioners, in taking action on Mr. Lammey's report especially as the same gentleman is largely interested in the manufacture and sale of water pipes.

This seems to me to be a moderate kind of graft and it is time the citizens woke up and kicked about it. Where are the Citizen's Committee, who were so active a year ago, in getting the commission appointed? Why do they not come forward and demand that the Commissioners keep within the limits specified in their temporary charter from the Government.

Another thing, who appointed them to become public contractors. The stone they are going to sell belongs to the city, and was purchased to repair roads. Presently, when the roads of the city are in a condition to be repaired, after the winter, there will be a shortage, and tenders will have to be called for to supply more "spawls," and by the time these are supplied, and broken, the summer will be almost over, and what will be done, will be in such a hurry, that the work will not be able to be done properly and nothing is worse than roads which have been slovenly repaired.

They are asking for more time, to finish their work. As you say, Mr. Editor, had they confined themselves to the work they were appointed to do, they would not have to ask for more time. I suggest that another public meeting be called, and let the citizens enquire fully into the actions of the Commission, also protest against what was passed on, at Friday's meeting of that body. I shall probably write more later concerning this subject.

FIAT JUSTITIA. March 22nd, 1915.

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Unveiled by dreams of day

And, checking not our tears, we breathe a prayer.

Grateful for even the comfort which is ours—

That we may kneel and sob our sorrow there, And place the deathless leaf, the rarest flowers.

Though Winter's cruel fingers brown the sod, It's dearer far than all the world beside!

Forms live again—we gaze in love and pride

On youthful faces prest close to our own.

Eyes smile to ours; we hear each tender tone.

Grief's smart is softened—less the sense of loss.

This grave we have, at least, we're not alone!

And they must know of our unchanging love—

Our tender thoughts—our memory—our prayers!

And in our constancy, ah! each one shares

To whom death comes on distant battlefields,

When life's last breaths are given the world's peace—

"There's one who'll mourn for me whose tears will flow!"

Not even a grave is theirs, unnamed, unwept!

God rest their souls—the dead we do not know!

—Ella A. Fanning, in New York Times, March 12th.

STRAIGHT TALK

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